

## JOB WORK!

THE  
Job Work Department  
—OF—  
The Star Office  
Is replete with the Latest  
Styles of Types.

Neat Work Done

on Short Notice!

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE STAR

—AND GET ALL THE

Local, County and State News for \$1.00 a Year.

## BING & CO.

We are now prepared to show a  
Fine Line of

### Ladies' Coats and Capes!

They were bought before the raise and we will give our  
customers the advantage of the same. Come and  
see them, and do not forget this  
is the place to get your

FINE DRESS GOODS!

Our new Black Goods are beauties and the price is low.

BING & CO.'S.

## TRUSSES!



Something of  
Paramount Importance  
To People  
Who Wear Them.

A Light, Cool, Efficient Truss.

One that would retain the benefits under all forms  
of exercise, and could be worn with com-  
fort has long been looked for.

Recommended and Endorsed by Highest Authorities.  
**MYERS BROS.,**  
Druggists.  
St. Louis.

**LANGET, London,**  
Eng., 1891.

**American Drug-  
gist and Phar-  
maceutical**  
Record.  
New York.

**The Pharmaceuti-  
cal Era.**  
New York.

**The Medical Epit-  
omist.**  
Indianapolis.

Perfect Adjustment and Satisfaction Guaranteed by

**H. Alex. Stoke.**

## HARDY WILD PONIES.

HOW THEY ARE CAPTURED AND  
TAMED ON SABLE ISLAND.

The Little Animals Are Toughened by the  
Severity of the Winters and Their Strug-  
gle to Procure Food—A Master Stallion  
Leads Each Gang.

Nature has thickened the coats of the  
wild ponies of Sable Island and given  
the hair on them almost a woolly ten-  
dency. During the summer they fatten  
on the succulent grasses, and the first  
half of the winter they fairly hold their  
own, but the cold northeast winds and  
snows of March and April, when the  
polar ice surrounds the island, drive  
them clustering under the lee of the  
sand dunes, where they stay till too  
weak and chilled to move about in search  
of the scanty nourishment.

A year ago, after a ten days' stormy,  
sleepy spell, no less than six dead ani-  
mals were found huddled in a nook be-  
hind some sand hills. During the win-  
ter of 1894, 64 wild ponies died from ex-  
posure and natural causes. Of course  
where there are several hundred horses  
—or people—no matter how well cared  
for, there will be a number of deaths.  
So we cannot put the whole of the deaths  
down to "exposure and starvation." That  
winter began with 400 wild ponies on  
the island, and it was within the staff  
there called a "hard winter."

The sand permeating their food causes  
the teeth to wear away rapidly, so that  
old age and inability to eat sufficient  
come upon them sooner than with horses  
on the mainland. Their battles also,  
which, though not frequent, are fierce,  
and at times to the death, tend to in-  
crease the percentage of mortality.

They go in gangs of from 5 to 25, ac-  
cording to circumstances. Each gang has  
a master stallion, who is patriarch, father,  
defender. It was my privilege last  
March, when visiting the island, to see  
11 gangs in one day when Superintendent  
Boutillier drove with me from the  
extreme eastern bar to the main station.  
We came within 20 or 30 yards of several  
gangs, but they moved independently  
away as we approached.

Catching and shipping them is an im-  
portant and, to all the staff, an exciting  
incident. I witnessed it from the look-  
out platform of No. 4 station in the  
early part of an October morning. Super-  
intendent Boutillier roused me at  
dawn with the words, "They are driv-  
ing in the first gang," and in a few  
minutes I was hastening from the house,  
some 200 yards, to the "lookout,"  
whence I saw dark objects moving over  
the easterly hills. Soon could be dis-  
tinguished nine wild ponies racing hither  
and yon, but kept well together and  
treading west by aid of 13 men on  
horseback (native ponies that seemed to  
enjoy the fun as much as the men on  
their backs) behind them, with long  
whips and stentorian voices.

A corral 32 yards in diameter, strongly  
inclosed, with a branch fence, extend-  
ing from one side some 75 yards, made  
it not unlike a fish trap or weir, into  
which by judicious driving and heading  
the gang was safely lodged, and the  
riders were off for another gang of 13,  
which the boss had located, and which  
in an hour, despite most desperate ef-  
forts to break away, were all safely cor-  
raled with the first gang.

Then immediately began a battle be-  
tween the two patriarchs, which I wit-  
nessed. Teeth, forefeet and heels, mingled  
with very positive squeals, were  
vigorously used. After awhile the weaker  
stallion fled into the crowd, and the  
victor's manner indicated his impor-  
tance and foreshadowed his apparent  
doom, for the remark was made, "We'd  
better get that big fellow out, as he  
might hurt some one." So he was soon  
lassoed, thrown down, a Bonaparte  
bridle put in his mouth and a line to one  
foot, and then let up to dash out of the  
corral through the gateway purposely  
opened, dragging two of the boys who  
guided him to the beach for shipment.

Let me give the details: Four or five  
men enter the corral, and the horses  
cluster to the opposite side. Then one  
man throws a noose around the neck of  
one, and two men pull that beast out of  
the gang as the herd circle round near  
the inclosing fence.

The difficulty of breathing soon causes  
temporary weakness, and the horse falls,  
or is pushed down, when one man seizes  
his head, another the tail, and one  
jumps on his body to keep him from  
floundering. The boss puts the loop of a  
line into the horse's mouth and round  
his lower jaw, then up over his head  
and down through the loop in his jaw,  
so that by pulling the line a double pur-  
chase is brought on the mouth. This is  
a bonaparte bridle.

Such a purchase at the mouth with a  
line on a hind foot held by experienced  
men renders it impossible for the ani-  
mal to go elsewhere than to the beach.  
When there, two sailors, holding the  
ends of a line several fathoms long,  
walk around him, folding the rope about  
his legs. Then by tightening this log  
rope and holding firm his other fasten-  
ings the horse quickly falls and is held  
down by head and tail, while his legs  
are tied together with manilla brought  
from the ship. A layer or two of this soft  
rope lies between the feet, so that strug-  
gling does not cause abrasion. Then,  
helpless, the monarch lies broadside on  
the soft sand. The bridle is removed,  
the leg line, and the boys hurry back to  
the corral, a quarter of a mile away,  
for the fun of catching and bringing  
down another group.—Halifax Herald.

## DINING WITH THE PRINCE.

The Hospitality of Albert Edward at Marl-  
borough House.

The Prince of Wales gives in the  
course of the season certain special din-  
ners at Marlborough House, which in  
many essential respects differ from those  
which he attends at other people's  
houses. The guests do not number more  
than 45 people, including the ladies and  
gentlemen in attendance upon the prince  
and princess. When members of the  
royal family arrive at Marlborough  
House, at the outer gate, the fact is at  
once signalled from the lodge, so that the  
Prince and Princess of Wales are never  
taken by surprise, but are in readiness  
to receive them.

The dining room in which the ban-  
quet is served is a magnificently deco-  
rated apartment, with a ceiling of white  
and gold. On the wall on the left hand  
side is a great square of red plush to set  
off the presentations of plate which have  
been made to their royal highnesses dur-  
ing the recent years. The Prince of  
Wales, as a host, sits not at the end, but  
in the middle seat, at the side of a large  
and long table. Table decorations are of  
a massive, ornate and rather heavy  
character. A very high centerpiece is  
filled with flowers, and more blossoms  
are placed in tall vases resembling speci-  
men glasses.

Probably Marlborough House is the  
only place in London in which the  
knives and forks are laid so curiously.  
To each guest two forks and no more  
are provided, and these are placed prongs  
downward, reversing the usual method.  
In addition there is one large tablespoon  
and one large knife. In no circumstance  
are two knives permitted upon the table  
simultaneously, and for this rule a very  
strange reason is assigned. His royal  
highness is very superstitious, and on  
no account will he incur the risk of  
having knives crossed inadvertently.  
The wineglasses are placed, by the bye,  
in a line as straight as a company of  
soldiers, and the services are simply fold-  
ed in two. Small water bottles are used,  
but apparently finger bowls are tabooed  
in Marlborough House.

Dinner begins at 8:45 p. m. and lasts  
for one hour and ten minutes. Rapid  
service is insisted upon. Yet four or five  
waiters only are allowed to enter the  
dining room, which is, however, some  
distance from the kitchen. Celerity and  
dispatch are obtained by the employ-  
ment of a small army of assistants sta-  
tioned behind the scenes.

For dessert royal blue berries are used,  
and when the time has come for coffee  
and cigars the custom is once during  
the year, and only once—the night of  
the Derby dinner—to hand to each guest  
a silver lighter of unique design. No  
two lamps are alike, as they have at va-  
rious times been presented by different  
donors to the Prince of Wales, and each  
one has its history.—Ladies' Home  
Journal.

## Citric Acid.

Enormous quantities of citric acid are  
used in calico printing, in pharmacy and  
in the preparation of artificial lemonade.  
About 1½ ounces (570 grains) of pure  
citric acid dissolved in a pint of water  
gives a solution which has the average  
acidity of good lemon juice. When di-  
luted with several times its bulk of wa-  
ter, sweetened with sugar and scented  
with a single drop of essence of lemon,  
an artificial lemonade is cheaply pro-  
duced, which is much used as a cooling  
drink in fever hospitals.

It has also been used in the navy as a  
substitute for fresh lemon juice in the  
treatment or prevention of scurvy, but  
has been found much less efficient. In  
fact, this artificial lemonade is by no  
means equal to that made from pure  
lemon juice, whether used at table or  
for invalids. In rheumatism or rheu-  
matoid gout the fresh juice of the lemon  
is preferred on account of the bicarbonate  
of potash which it contains. Pure lemon  
juice is also a valuable remedy in sore  
throat and diphtheria. Cases have been  
recorded in which children have appar-  
ently been cured of this terrible disease  
by constantly sucking oranges or lemons.

Pure citric acid possesses, like some  
other acids, the power of destroying the  
bad effects of polluted water used for  
drinking, but it is perhaps best to boil  
the water before adding a little citric  
acid to it.—Chambers' Journal.

## He Knew Enough.

The esteem in which the sailor's call-  
ing is held in Massachusetts coast towns  
is indicated by a true story that comes  
from Gay Head, a primitive community  
on the island of Martha's Vineyard.  
A teacher was wanted at the village,  
and a sailor, with Indian blood in his  
veins, applied to the town committee  
for the position. He had to pass an ex-  
amination by the committee and trem-  
bled at the ordeal, being sadly misin-  
formed in book-lore.

The chairman began the examination.  
"Mr. —, what is the shape of the  
earth?"  
"It is round, sir," the candidate an-  
swered.  
"How do you know?"  
"Because I have sailed around it three  
times."  
"That will do, sir."

He received his "certificate" as a  
teacher without another question being  
asked.—Youth's Companion.

Pope's features were small and deli-  
cate. All his life he was very pale and  
looked sickly.

In 1286 a hen was bought in Paris for  
a penny.

## THE CANNY SCOTCHMAN.

His Vices and His Virtues Compared With  
Those of Other Folks.

One is not quite sure that the religi-  
osity of the Scotch makes them so much  
more virtuous than people who pay less  
attention to "the means of grace." But  
while it cannot readily be proved that  
they have more of the positive virtues  
than their neighbors there is at least  
some reason to believe that they are  
freer from a few of the ugly vices than  
their southern cousins, although when  
the Scot is bad he is very bad. When he  
gives way to drink, for instance, he  
runs to great lengths. But it will be  
found that there is much less wife beat-  
ing (there being nothing in Scotland at  
all resembling the frightful practice of  
"chogging" known in Lancashire  
towns), much less cruelty to children,  
much more kindness and fellow feel-  
ing among the Scottish people than  
among the English, while at the same  
time the Scotch are not nearly so clan-  
nish as the Irish, the Jews or the Chi-  
nese.

In his poem on "Nothing" Rochester  
has classed "Scotch civility" along with  
"French truth" and "Hibernian learn-  
ing" as being nonexistent. Even Walter  
Scott causes Mr. Owen to speak of a  
typical Scot like Bailie Nicol Jarvie, as  
"that cross grained crusty old fellow of  
the Saltmarket," and are we not told that  
the term "Scot" as well as "Gael," de-  
rived from a word for "wind," means  
"the violent, stormy people?" In spite  
of all this and much more to the same  
end the Scot, take him all in all, is not  
fairly chargeable with being lacking in  
courtesy. The word "courtesy" (the op-  
posite or positive of "uncouth," dimi-  
nuted by the addition of the terminal  
"y"), signifying a combination of quiet  
kindness and sweetness of manner, has  
no English equivalent, and thus would  
seem to indicate a peculiarly Scotch  
quality, which, it may be said, tends to  
wane considerably with the growth of  
commercialism, giving place to a brus-  
queness peculiarly the outcome of the  
"rush" of business, and what Carlyle  
called the "mere cash nexus" between  
man and man.

Scotch speech abounds in what may  
be called pet words, which would seem  
to testify that, whether the Scotch be  
stern and sharp tongued or not, they  
can, upon occasion, be as insinuatingly  
smooth tongued as the wily Italian him-  
self.—Westminster Review.

## Sir John Franklin.

It was in Warwickshire that I made  
the acquaintance of Sir John Franklin,  
while I was still quite a child. The  
stout, good humored gentleman, whose  
image appears before me as I write his  
name, is associated in my mind with an  
event in which he took the keenest in-  
terest—a total eclipse of the sun—but  
the amusement afforded by a rather absurd  
incident connected with it I am afraid  
engrossed my childish mind more than  
all the scientific explanations of the  
phenomenon which Sir John Franklin  
was so well qualified to give.

In those primitive days it was held  
that the best mode of witnessing the ob-  
scuration of the sun was to watch it  
through pieces of smoked glass, with  
which we were all duly provided when  
we sallied forth to an open piece of  
ground where nothing impeded the view.  
The result was that in the course of a  
few minutes the noses of every one pres-  
ent were severely blackened—uncon-  
sciously to themselves—and the appearance  
of the whole scientific party was  
irresistibly comic.

Sir John Franklin appeared then so  
full of life and energy and high spirits  
that it was difficult to think of him af-  
terward as the wretched suffering hero of  
that last fatal voyage, which held the  
country in suspense as to his fate during  
a period cruelly long and trying to his  
wife and to all who had relatives among  
his companions in the icebound vessels.  
One of my cousins was of the number,  
and I well remember the sensation in  
his home when some of the relics of the  
disastrous expedition, afterward brought  
back, were identified as having belonged  
to him.—Blackwood's Magazine.

## The American Pie.

The truth is that the American pie,  
whether of pumpkin, mince, apples,  
berries or any other material, is indig-  
enous to the soil and cannot be success-  
fully imitated elsewhere. The foreign-  
ers must come here in order to learn  
how to make pies. And every American  
is born with an appetite for pie. The  
foreigner in our midst, and the immi-  
grant, assisted or otherwise, has to ac-  
quire it. His Americanism, in fact, may  
be tested by his taste for pie. He is not  
a good citizen and fully qualified for all  
the responsibilities and duties of a voter  
until he has learned to love pie like a  
native. And his wife and daughter must  
learn to make pies. Not the monstrosi-  
ties that sometimes pass by that name,  
the sodden, heavy, half baked abomi-  
nations that fill the eater with homicidal  
and suicidal tendencies, but the rich,  
rare, racy and healthful "confections"  
which every well trained American  
housewife knows how to prepare.—Troy  
Times.

## All the World's a Stage.

The idea embalmed in this line ap-  
pears to have been widely used in Shake-  
speare's time, not the least curious in-  
stance being its employment by Sir  
George Moore in the house of commons,  
Jan. 21, 1865-6, he describing the gun-  
powder plot as a "conspiracy the like  
whereof never came upon the stage of  
the world." Commons Journal, vol-  
ume 1, page 257.—Notes and Queries.

## A LITTLE CHILD.

Bright, golden curls and innocent white brow,  
And lips like red rose petals blown apart,  
And laughing eyes of blue! I pray you now,  
Come yet a little closer to my heart!

Nay, fear me not! Thy child heart under-  
stands  
Love that trusts all and knows not to con-  
demn,  
Give me to hold thy tiny, tender hands,  
That I may warm my withered soul with  
thine!

Oh, let me feel—since in my memory  
No earthly love upon my life hath rested—  
That heaven in mercy hath reserved for me  
The kisses and the clinging of a child.  
—Atlanta Constitution.

## PROFESSIONAL MOURNERS.

Curious Custom Which May Be  
Observed in New York.

In the Italian quarter I found myself  
the other day in a home which had been  
darkened by a double misfortune. A lit-  
tle Italian boy had fallen from a fire es-  
cape to the street and been instantly  
killed. His widowed mother, when she  
came upon the body of her son, went  
mad with grief and attempted to take  
her own life. She was taken to the hos-  
pital.

The boy's body lay upon a table, and  
a blazing candelabrum stood at its head.  
At the side the boy's foster father and  
his wife knelt in prayer. Seated about  
the room was a group of women chant-  
ing an Italian death wail. One of the  
women raised her face, and her quaver-  
ing voice filled the room:  
"Happiness has departed from us for-  
ever!"

And the others droned the refrain:  
"Forever!"  
"He will never be absent from our  
thoughts!"  
"Never from our thoughts!"

And so on, strophe and antistrophe,  
the chief wailer leading and the chorus  
echoing the dismal refrain. It was a  
sight and a sound to move even the  
tardy sensibilities of a reporter.

Such scenes are not uncommon in the  
Italian quarter, though they seldom  
come under the eye of visitors. The pro-  
fessional mourner is an institution in  
some of the provinces of southern Italy.  
She—the office belongs entirely to the  
softer sex—is analogous to the Irish  
"keener," but with the difference that  
her wail is more musical than word,  
whereas the "keener" is wild, pierc-  
ing—almost anything but musical.

The Italian wailers—they are called  
"priefiche" in their native tongue—are  
doubtless descendants of the profession-  
al mourners of ancient Rome. They are  
most common, and their office is most  
clearly defined in the provinces of Abruz-  
zo and Calabria and in Sicily. There  
they are regularly retained and reward-  
ed with a fee. In other provinces a rela-  
tive of the afflicted family may assume  
the office and lead the chorus, or the  
function may be of a wholly miscellane-  
ous character, all the mourners joining  
in a song of woe.—New York Herald.

## President Polk's Nashville Home.

The old Polk place on Vine street, the  
home of President James K. Polk, and  
the scene of many brilliant gatherings in  
former days, is viewed with interest by  
many visitors to Nashville. Many ex-  
pressions of regret are heard from those  
who view the picturesque Polk place for  
the first time that the historic old home-  
stead should have been allowed to fall  
into such a state of dilapidation. They  
think the old place should be maintain-  
ed in good repair for the sake of the  
memories that surround it. It has been  
suggested more than once that it would  
make an ideal home for the official resi-  
dence of Tennessee's governors. The  
excuse that can be very properly offered  
by Nashvilleans for the present condi-  
tion of the Polk place is that they have  
nothing to do with it, the property being  
in litigation. It is feared that ultimate-  
ly, in the division of the property, the  
old place will be cut up into lots, and  
if that is done the home of Polk will  
become only a memory.—Nashville  
American.

## Not His Funeral.

Bluffkins wrote a very bad hand gen-  
erally, but in writing hurriedly, mak-  
ing an appointment with a friend, he  
exceeded even himself.

He had left the letter lying for half  
an hour, and on going to address the  
envelope he happened to glance at his  
epistle.

Scarcely a word could he decipher,  
but calmly inclosing it he said to him-  
self:

"After all, what does it matter? It's  
Hawkins has to read it, not I!"—Boston  
Budget.

## A Curious Custom.

A curious custom still prevails at the  
coal pits on Eigganay, in Scotland.  
The first man to come up the pit after  
his work is over is received with a  
shovelful of hot ashes, which, being pre-  
pared for, he dodges as best he can,  
while the last man gets a bucketful of  
cold water thrown at him.

## Quite Likely.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" laughed the great  
detective. "I have them now."

For five days he had been on the trail  
and had neither eaten nor slept.

He had done nothing but drink.  
Under the circumstances his joyous  
assertion bore the semblance of verity.  
—Indianapolis Journal.

Karl's Clover Root will purify your  
blood, clear your complexion, regulate  
your bowels and make your head clear  
as a bell. 25c., 50c. and \$1.00. Sold by  
J. C. King & Co.